THE EMERALD.

BY PETER PLEASANT, & CO.

..... "WITH MODEST SKILL,
TO RAISE THE VIRTUES, ANIMATE THE BLISS,
AND SWEETEN ALL THE TOILS OF HUMAN LIFE:
THIS BE THE EMERALD'S DIGNITY AND PRAISE."

THE EMERALD *is printed and published by* BENJAMIN EDES, *at the corner of South and Market streets, Baltimore, every* SATURDAY, *and delivered to subscribers in town at* Three Dollars *a year*....payable at the expiration of every four months.

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FOR THE EMERALD.

RATIONAL amusements, when not permitted to be indulged in excess, have a tendency to relieve the mind from the load which it may labour under, and serves to stimulate us in our routine of duty by invigorating the body, and freeing it from that lassitude which generally accompanies our occupations. Tho' the word "amusement," has been used as a cover for immoralities, yet the penetrating can easily divine the motives, and the thin veil that covers them is consequent'y drawn aside, when the deformities are viewed in the same light by all.

The science or art of Horsemanship has always been a peculiar object of solicitude by governments. To the dexterity and activity of those who have been brought up in this school has the fate of many a battle been attributed, and probably the existence of a nation itself preserved.

Parents, who have the means, generally bestow this manly accomplishment upon their sons, and whether taught in the school of nature, or of art, a gracefullness in their equestrian exercises has frequently called forth the glow of paternal admiration, while the exulting youth participates in their affection, by bestowing

gratitude for the generous bounty that enables him either to serve his country, or to preserve himself from the casualties incident to inexperience.

The bills of the day have announced the arrival of Messrs. P PIN and BRESCHARD with their respectable company of Equestrians, and an acquisition of several new performers of distinguished merit. The citizens of Baltimore have frequently been witnesses to the endeavours of those gentlemen to afford amusement "for an idle hour"—and while with "fear and trembling" they have beheld their feats of activity and strenuous exertions, their repeated plaudits have dissipated those fears and caused involuntary exclamations. The Ladies, too, attached to this company, become more interesting when we perceive them divesting themselves of the timidity which appertain to their sex, and boldly go through the exercises that more properly belong to herculean man. Yet the symmetry of their form, the gracefulness of their attitude, the delicacy of their feats, and, above all, their praiseworthy modesty, begets more than ordinary sensations. The fastidious may view them without any contamination of principle —the cynic would be divested of his prejudices—and the moralist say, "surely here's no room for reprehension."

Messrs. P PIN and BRESCHARD, during their perigrinations in this country, have supported characters blameless and spotless.—The gentlemanly deportment that accompanies the manners of each, has endeared them to a numerous acquaintance—the subordination of their *corps* evince the love borne them—the repelling of the least "squinting at vice," shew their detestation of it—and their frequent donations to the poor, begets our gratitude, which can only be paid by testimonials of respect, and remunerating them during the present season.

A FRIEND TO MERIT.

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FOR THE EMERALD.

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Messrs. Pleasant & Co.

IN your ninth number, a writer over the signature of "Howard," expresses, in a benevolent manner, his disgust against the barbarous practice of Bull-baiting—the stigma, the reproach, the *savage refinement* of a civilized nation. The sub-

ject selected by "Howard," merits the reproof of every benevolent writer, nor can it be handled with too little lenity. This breach of the laws of humanity should be drawn in such lights as might claim the attention of those who have power invested in them to abolish it. But, alas! the natures of mankind seem strangely at variance with the precepts which humanity and benevolence lay down for them to follow. It does not require the sight of a bull-bait or a cock-fight to teach us the tyranny of man's disposition—it glares upon us in the public streets; in our private walks it intrudes unsolicited—the joy of the huntsman is the death of nature; the ambition of the driver is the sharpness of his goad. The wretch who spends his days in misery for a scanty subsistence from an overbearing master, retaliates his wrongs over the beast he governs. "The ox, that guileless animal, in what has he offended?" If patience and honest industry are crimes, he merits suffering; and if ingratitude is a virtue, those who receive the benefit of his labours, and repay his toils with blows and cruelty, must appear in an amiable light to the eye of Heaven.

BENEVOLUS.

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THE OLD BACHELOR.

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No. III.

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Periculosæ plenum, opus aleæ
Tractas, et incedis per ignes
Suppositis, cineri doloso.

HOR. LIB. II. OD. 1

The task is full of peril, and you tread
On fire, with faithless ashes overspread.

IT is my custom, when I am meditating any step of importance, to hold a council of my children upon it, and after announcing the subject to them and giving them time for consideration, to take their opinions, *seriatim*, (as the lawyers say) on the prudence and rectitude of the measure. By this course, I give them a habit of circumspection, and at the same time, teach them, in the most practical and impressive form, the kinds of consideration which ought to influence and guide the conduct of a virtuous character. For some months past my life has been so stagnant that I have had no occasion to call a board: the project of publishing this paper, however, at length afforded one, and some of the members

being absent, I collected their opinions through the channel of the mail before I had prepared the first number. A serious and earnest division occurred among the members: the arguments for and against the publication were strenuously urged; and as my boys have exposed in a manner, at least, as luminous and entertaining as any that I could adopt, a subject which I am now desirous of laying before the reader, I will, without farther introduction, give their letters as I received them. The first is Galen, who seems, on this occasion, to have changed professions with his brother, since he shows as much of the cold caution of a special pleader, as Alfred does of the happy rashness of a knight of the lancet.

************, Dec. 10, 1810.

"I regret extremely, my dear Uncle, that I united with my brother in pressing you to subscribe for the Edinburgh Review, since it has had the effect of stimulating you to endanger the repose of your age by commencing author. The die, however, is not yet cast; and let me conjure you, my dear uncle, by your fireside, your altars, your household goods, and every thing sacred to peace, to dismiss the idea forever. I am sure that you do me the justice to believe, that I understand clearly and distinctly, the purity, the patriotism, the philanthropy of the motives that have suggested this design to you. But I am persuaded that the benevolent purposes you have in view, will not be answered; while the attempt will draw upon you the displeasure and hostility of many; who either do not know you now, or if they do, look upon you at present with complacency and friendship.

My first position is, that the purposes which you contemplate will not be answered. I understand these purposes to be, to refine the manners and stimulate the literary curiosity of your countrymen. But to produce either of these effects, your essays must be read and when read, they must have such force and authority as to throw off from the state that leaden mountain of lethargy which has been accumulating for six and thirty years. In the first place, I believe you will not be read. I do not mean to say, my dear uncle, that you will not deserve to be read; because I am persuaded, that, inexperienced as I presume you are in all the mysteries and arts of authorship, yet the native warmth of your heart and correctness of your mind would make you very interesting on every subject not invincibly repulsive in its nature. But I believe, that in the present habits of our country, every ethical work is of this nature; that there is an inherent stiffness and repulsion in didactic moral writing which no talents or address can vanquish, and that the reader will instinctively turn away from the essay the instant he discovers it to be a moral lecture.

But suppose that you should cast a plan, and strike upon a manner so captivating as to ensure your readers, is it not to be feared

that this country is too fixed in its habits to be moved by the power of any pen? Can any genius rouse them from the torpor of indolence in which they are sunk, or exorcise the dæmon of avarice which possesses them?

Let it be admitted, however, that one or two docile readers, here and there, might be awakened to their benefit by your labours, will this be an equivalent for those perils and losses which you must *infallibly* encounter? I repeat it *infallibly*; because I believe it will be impossible for you to avoid personalities, at least, the imputation of them; and either way you must make enemies, and many of them

In the first place, it will be exceedingly difficult to avoid personalities; this may sound like a paradox at first; but I am persuaded that an attentive consideration of the matter, for one moment, will make it clear. The description of a vice or blemish in manners, in the abstract, will be poor, cold, and inefficacious—to expose it successfully, you must describe it by its effects; you must exhibit it in a picture; and, drawing from the life, you will necessarily exhibit it in those circumstances in which you have yourself seen it; you will select for your model the person in whom the vice or fault is most conspicuous, and as you must paint enough to show the fault at full length and make it odious, you will paint enough to point out the original to some circles of your readers, from whom the intelligence will fly with electric rapidity.

To shew that this is not a mere visionary fear, remember the fate of the spectator. It is no other than the virtuous and pious Addison, who in the 16th Number of that Work declares explicitly that he will not descend to personalities—"If I attack the vicious, says he, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular criminal. In short, I have so much of Draw-cansir in me that I pass by a single foe to charge whole armies. It is not Lais nor Silenus, but the harlot and the drunkard whom I shall endeavour to expose, and consider the crime as it appears in a species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual. And again, in the 34th Number, the same moral and pious Addison says, "I must, however, entreat every particular person who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself or any of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him never to draw a faulty character, which does not fit, at least, a thousand people."

No person, I presume, can doubt that Mr. Addison was sincere in making those promises; nor can one suppose that he or any other writer was forced from a compliance with them, and driven to the invidious business of pourtraying individuals by any poorness of parts or penury of resources. Yet we learn from Doctor Johnson, in his life of Addison that "the personages introduced in these papers were not merely ideal; they were then known

and conspicuous in various stations." He asserts this on the authority of Budgell (one of the writers for the Spectator) and that in his preface to Theophrastus, "a book he adds, which Addison has recommended, and which he was suspected to have revised, if he did not write it."... "Of those portraits," he continues, which may be supposed to be sometimes embellished and *sometimes aggravated*, the originals are now partly known and partly forgotten." Now, how are we to account for this breach of engagement in any way consistent with the veracity and honor of Mr. Addison, but by the difficulty of separating a picture of Manners from the individual who is conspicuous for them, or the impossibility of giving sufficient interest to a moral work which shall be purely abstracted. Do we not know that Johnson even empaled his friend Garrick, in character of Prospero in the Rambler? And do we not also know by another anecdote, in relation to the same writer, that no innocence can save a writer from the imputation of personality or abuse to the country club who had determined to revenge themselves on him by violence, for an imaginary attack at a time when he did not even know of their existence?—Yes, believe me, my dear uncle, that although it were possible for you to avoid the design of personalities, there will not be wanting curious and malicious persons enough, who will apply your remarks and appropriate your pictures to individuals, and thus excite against you an host of enemies. Alas! it is not your retirement nor your age that can save you. Alas! I imagine that I can already see the sunshine and halcyon peace that now surrounds you and illumines your face with smiles, exchanged for darkness, clouds and tempest. I I implore you, my beloved uncle, and were I with you, I would implore you on my bended knees, to dismiss the baleful project from your mind forever, and so confirm your own happiness, as well as that of your dutiful and affectionate nephew.

GALEN *********.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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FOR THE EMERALD.

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MESSRS. EDITORS,

If the following meets your approbation, you'll oblige me by inserting it in the Emerald. J. B.

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WHEN I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy, and throwing half of his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe to grind.

When I see a man of doubtful character patting a girl on the

cheek, praising her sparkling eye and ruby lips, and giving her a sly squeeze—beware, my girl, thinks I, or you will find, to your sorrow, that you have been turning grind-stone to a villain.

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant—methinks, look out good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstone.

When I see a man holding a fat office, sounding "the horn on the borders" to call the people to support the man on whom he depends for his office—well, thinks I, no wonder the man is zealous in the cause—he evidently has an axe to grind.

When I see a magistrate hoisted in his chair to administer justice, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed to turn grindstone for a booby.

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CROSS READING.....*FOR THE EMERALD.*

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A lady of distinction has declared that she had long been afflicted with a complaint in her gums—this valuable composition, with half the usual labour, produces the most brilliant jet black ever beheld.

James Tavistock, respectfully informs his friends and the public—the greatest blemish to beauty is superfluous hairs on the face, neck and arms.

Captain Williamson, of the ship Georgia, in a squall, fell—into a train of thinking.

Late fires in London consumed about 10,000—cords of wood.

.....

A Dutchman translated Plato's soliloquy from the French into Dutch, which, on being restored to its native language, the following line,

"*It must be so, Plato, thou reason'st well,*"

reads, literally,

"*Just so, Mynheer Plato, you're quite right!*"

.....

A SKETCH OF THE LAW.

Law! law! law! is like a fine woman's temper; *a very difficult study.*—Law is like a book of surgery; a great many *terrible cases* in it.—Law is like fire and water; very good servants, but

very bad when they get the upper hand of us:—it is like a homely genteel woman, very well to follow:—It is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us—And again it is like bad weather, most people chuse to keep out of it.—In law there are four parts: the quidlibate; the quodlibate; the quid-pro quo; and the sine-quanon——Imprimis, the quidlibate, or who began first? Because in all actions of assault, the law is clear, that *probis jokis*, is *absolutis maris, sine jokis:* which being elegantly and classically rendered into English is, that whatsoever he be that gave the first stroke, it was absolutely ill and without a joke. Secondly, the quodlibate, or the damages; but that the law has nothing to do with; only to state them; for whatever damages ensue, they are all in client's perquisites, according to the ancient Norman motto; if he is cast, or castandrum, he is "semper idem ruinandum."——Thirdly, quid-pro-quo, feeing counsel; giving words for money, or having money for words: according to that ancient Norman motto, "Sicurat lex," we live to perplex.—Fourthly, the sinequanon, or, without something, what would any thing be good for? Without a large *wig*, what would be the out *lines* of the law?

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FOR THE EMERALD.

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Messrs. Pleasant & Co.

Some time ago you asked, through the Emerald, "Which was the strongest passion?" and I have waited in anxious expectation of hearing it argued upon; but as none of your correspondents have thought proper to come forward with their opinions, I am led to conclude their passions are all so headstrong, that they find it difficult to give a decision in favour of any particular one.—I believe, gentlemen, I have a share of most of the passions incident to human nature, but that *one* has the ascendancy, and reigns lord over all, candor leads me to a just confession of. Why, I am the most *loving* fellow, perhaps, you have ever heard or read of; nor is my love confined to a single object—by no means. A thousand pretty girls seem combined to torment me; every pretty girl I come across lends her aid to torment me—

And now an ancle wounds, and now an arm;
Anon! a heav'n built form—an angel's eye.

I sigh for Phillis, and am distracted for Almira; a flame for Maria consumes me, and my pain for not being able to obtain the hand of Melinda is indeed deplorable.

Oh love! thou tormentor of mortals, what a wretched wight have you not made of me! Had I but power over thy bow and

thy quivers, persecuting urchin, tho' thy mother supplicated in tears at my feet, I would abandon mercy and forget her prayers, and after shooting every fair one to the heart, I would break thy bow to atoms, and throw thy darts to the devil!———Oh Almira!—charming Phillis!—adorable Melinda!—Oh Cupid!—Give me another heart! bind up my wounds!—I rave!—Catch that man with a red jacket—Oh what a flame is love! That's her with the little feet and blue eyes.....Good bye Messrs. Editors.

"Limbs do your office, and support me well,
Bear me to her—then fail me if you can."

ARDENT.

THE BOWER OF FANCY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

ON LIFE.

WHAT is this paltry thing call'd Life? At best
A gaudy rattle or a dream: a toy
Brittle as those which wanton nurses give
To still the noisy brat who thwarts their joys.
Is this the sum of life? O would it were!
Then might we laugh the idle hours away,
Of man regardless, nor of death afraid.
But, Ah! this *seeming* TRIFLE, nicknam'd LIFE,
Would bear a harsher name: 'tis oft' a cup
In which pale sorrow steeps severest stings
Of deepest misery—Sickness, pain and want
Feed on men's bowels, and whilst feeding so,
Learn to be gluttons on poor pining man.
Th' ingredients of the bowl, say, who can tell
Without a pang? Yet, many a hapless wretch
Is doom'd to quaff it to the very dregs.
Yet, with all this, how many men there are
Who speak of virtue as a *thing of course;*
Who scoff at *folly*, tho' themselves are fools;
Who praise up HONOR, tho' themselves have *none;*
Who preach *civility*, and practice pride;
Who seek for meanness in her bloated den,
And nestle with the venom which she breeds—
How many men of this same sort there are,
Who, or attach'd to life, or scar'd at death,
Would hug the veriest beggars to their hearts
Rather than die.———

H.

FOR THE EMERALD.

.....

TO BELINDA.

DEAR was the hour when I could call thee friend,
When the sweet converse of thine angel lips
Was healing balsam to a wounded heart:
Why did imprudence—fatal bane of bliss,
(Urg'd on by all the vanity of youth,)
Tempt me to intimate an ardent flame;
A flame too ardent, and too little feign'd:
Oh! it was genuine, and pure and just;
Too sweet to last, and blasted in its birth,
And in its ruin friendship perish'd too.
Ah! now when prudence would return again,
Where is the friend to prop her dictates firm,
T' advise like thee—for thy advice was sweet,
And thy lov'd accents made it doubly dear.
Now some good angel grant my earnest pray'r—
Return my friend again; give her to view
A reformation; and be thou her help,
And hand in hand conduct me on to virtue.
So shall my leisure moments henceforth be
In the fair sacred scenes of friendship pass'd,
And gliding on in sweet succession show
That this New-Year produced a happy change.

M.

Charles-Street, Jan. 10.

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FOR THE EMERALD.

Come, gentle Pity! ever swell
That breast where worth and beauty dwell:
Embalm'd in innocence and truth,
Thou, comforter of age and youth!
No tragic scenes of wretchedness
Can surely mar thy happiness;
The rich and poor, the young and old,
The strong, the weak, the faint or bold,
Alike adorn thy heav'nly charms,
When threat'ned with the dire alarms
Of angry Gods—the adverse Fates,
Who wield the destinies of States.
Though scornful man thy worth may spurn,
Thou wilt the female mind adorn
In ev'ry age: thou shalt endure
Till Time himself shall be no more.

VIATOR.

FOR THE EMERALD.

EPITAPH.

STRANGER! here in solemn cell,
Rests the once lov'd Isabel;
Once the pride of social life,
Once the fond endearing wife,
Once the gen'rous friend sincere,
Once the doating mother dear:
Early call'd to meet her doom,
Early called to fill the gloom
Of this dark and dismal grave;
Dread deposit—dreary cave.

STRANGER! wilt thou grant a tear?
Youth and Beauty moulder here.
Friendship mingles with the dust,
Chillness weds the fair and just.
Dark the eyes where beauty shone,
Cold the breast to virtue prone;
Still the lips whence music broke,
Cover'd with corruption's cloak.

Gen'rous *Stranger!* stay thy tears,
Go, dismiss thy honest fears,
Tho' in this uncomely cell,
Rests the form of Isabel:
In a blest and bright abode,
Her pure spirit dwells with GOD.

H.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE REDUCED BUCK'S FAREWELL.

"*For cold despair begins to freeze my bosom,*
"*And all my pow'rs are now resolv'd on death.*" LEE

Adieu the chase, adieu my dogs and gun,
Adieu my friends, adieu to all my fun;
Adieu my girl, the darling of my heart,
Adieu mankind, for we at length must part;
Adieu my pockets, empty you've become,
Adieu my parents and my quiet home;
Adieu those heart-felt joys I once possess'd,
Adieu to revelry and midnight jest;
Adieu to life, since nothing I can find
To please my fancy, or divert my mind;

Unless kind fortune fills my purse once more,
* Then will I live, then will I quit the score,
And drink, and shoot, and hunt as heretofore.

J. D.

* *The wr ter should have said—*

Then will I give my former foibles o'er,
And quit the follies that have made me poor.—[*Ed.*

INDIAN COQUETRY.

THE Chawanon Indians, inhabiting the lake Mareotti, and who are considered the most warlike and civilized of the American Indians, have a manner of courtship which we believe to be peculiar to themselves. When such of their young women as have pretensions to beauty, attain their twelfth year, which is the usual period of their marriage, they either keep themselves quite secluded at home, or, when they go out, muffle themselves up in such a manner, that nothing is seen but their eyes. On these indications of beauty, they are eagerly sought in marriage, and those suitors who have acquired the greatest reputation as warriors or hunters, obtain the consent of the family. After this, the lover repairs to the cabin, where the beauty is lying enveloped on her couch. He gently approaches and uncovers her face, so that his person may be seen, and if this be to her mind, she invites him to lay down by hers ide; if not, she again conceals her face, and the lover retires. A husband has the privilege of marrying all his wife's sisters as they arrive at age, so that after, often before, his first wife is thirty he has married and abandoned at least a dozen.

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Some persons who have a great deal of sharp and pungent satire in their tempers do not discover it unless they are highly provoked; as in the evaporation of human blood, by a gentle fire, the salt will not rise.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The poetical piece signed J. K. M from his friend "U" came too late for this week's publication; it shall be attended to in our next.

"Josephus" is inadmissable.

Polydore's imitation of Dryden, is the worst imitation we have ever seen of any thing—one consolation we can, however, offer him; which is, that "Dryden;' would be as incapable of imitating "Polydore," as Polydore is of imitating Dryden.

Several new communications are under consideration.